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SOUTH BEND, INDIA NA, DECEMBER 9, 1913.

PITY THE POOR RAILROADS.

Every once in a while our ancient and honorable journalistic contemporary sets a new high water mark in animosity and wrong-headedness. Monday was one of those days.

Following so close of that paper's panic when a municipally owned light plant was proposed by members of the citizens' party, the event was rather notable.

For in one single issue, Grandma Trib succeeded in knocking the plan to bring the Grand Trunk shops here—a possibility that would not have existed had it not been for the watchfulness of the News-Times—took a shot at the mothers' pensions cause, worried about presidential primaries, because state primaries were enough, and besides, what about the vice president, then reached the climax by falling on the neck of the railroad companies and weeping with them because the parcels post had been proved a success.

Though the parcel post made \$30,000,000 in its first year, the Tribune says, this was made at the expense of the poor railroads, and the decision to increase the weight limit from 20 to 50 pounds and thus vastly increase the benefits of the parcel post is of doubtful value, says the Tribune.

It even tried to leave the impression that the railroads get no more for hauling a 50 pound package than for a 20 pound package, and that the government is simply piling more burdens on the back of the poor unfortunate railroads without compensation.

Some of the railroads may go broke, it prophesies, because the parcel post is helping to reduce the cost of living. Its editorial writers apparently don't know what makes railroads go broke, or haven't read the frenzied finance such as sent the Frisco system into a receiver's hands.

Why, the railroads have been making an exorbitant profit out of their mail carrying contracts from the beginning. And the profits of the railroads of the country if handled in a business-like manner instead of being dissipated in huge salaries, watered stock and J. Rufus Wallingford operations, would show the transportation business the most profitable in the country—even at the railroads' own figures.

However even at that the government is not penalizing the railroads for the more or less criminal operations of past managers. It is paying for what it gets and rendering a big service to the people at the same time, and will continue.

THE EUGENIC MARRIAGE.

Though the eugenic marriage has not appealed powerfully to popular sentiment it is not without its enthusiasts. Hence will not be without its martyrs.

An Atlanta girl, Miss Roberta Brennan, has offered herself as a candidate for the eugenic marriage being arranged by the Medical Review of Reviews sociological fund. Miss Brennan is classified as a society girl, whatever that means, and declares that the eugenic marriage appeals to her as desirable, especially in its relation to offspring. She is also of the opinion that it is not repugnant to romance. "A healthy man and woman," in the opinion of Miss Brennan, "cannot become intimately acquainted without being drawn close to each other."

This must be regarded as an advanced idea, and almost Spartan in its simplicity. It makes marriage a purely physical affair, on a par with stock breeding. How far the advocates of eugenic marriages will get with such a proposition is more or less speculative, but we are of the opinion that the progress will not be rapid.

Miss Brennan's prediction that "it will not be long before young women will lose the false modesty which has prevented them from investigating matters so important as marriage and the future of the race" is more acceptable. Men and women should marry for love if the person loved is worthy and physically fit, but the advisability of marrying purely for reasons of physical fitness will be doubted until proved.

The experiment for which Miss Brennan and others have volunteered will be of interest to the civilized world, holding out as it does a hope for the physical improvement of the race, but if it succeeds it will be the first substitute for the old fashioned conception of marriage that has stood the test.

Meantime it will be the part of prudence for men and women to know that the objects of their affection are duly qualified for marriage, if they care anything about that part of it.

DR. SHAW'S DELIRIUM.

We are not impressed by Dr. Anna Howard Shaw's declaration that Jane Addams, Mrs. Joseph T. Bowen or Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt would make a better president than any man in the United States, nor with her assertion that Susan B. Anthony would have made a better president than Abraham Lincoln.

Our skepticism is occasioned by the fact that the height of Dr. Shaw's ambition is to be a policeman and that

she has nurtured this ambition for twenty years. Being a policeman is a perfectly respectable though much abused employment, but the American people do not care to leave the selection of its presidents to one whose conceptions and ambitions have no higher range than wearing a star and twirling a club.

Incidentally we wonder that such a person could have been elected president of the American Woman suffrage association. It must be assumed that the association is on a level with its president in its conception of American citizenship and the privileges thereof. Certainly such standards are not encouraging to those who are lending their aid and encouragement to the suffrage movement.

We are inclined to believe, however, that when Dr. Shaw made these statements concerning the fitness of men for the presidency and her own ambition she was intoxicated by the excitement of her re-election and was hardly responsible for her utterances. We hope that when the doctor becomes more calm she will modify her strictures.

As fitness for the franchise is to be a large factor in securing national legislation in favor of votes for women it will be the part of wisdom to establish that by manifesting an intelligent appreciation of what man has done for this country of ours.

READY-TO-EAT FOODS.

An example of the manner in which the public is induced to pay exorbitant prices for articles of food under the guise of reducing the cost of living is afforded by the item of bouillon cubes, which for some time have been heavily advertised by manufacturers as highly concentrated meat essences.

The department of agriculture has issued a bulletin advising the public that while these cubes are more or less stimulative they have little or no real food value and are relatively expensive in comparison with home-made broths and soups.

According to the analysis of bouillon cubes made by the experts of the agricultural department they consist of from one-half to three-fourths common table salt and as they range in price from ten to twenty cents an ounce they are expensive without being nutritious. They tickle the palate and perhaps for the moment satisfy the stomach's craving for food, but contribute very little to the nutrition of the body.

Doubtless similar criticism would apply to other food preparations placed on the market, which it is probable are extensively used because of their convenience rather than by reason of any known food value. Housekeepers and their maids are easily persuaded by glowing advertisements to take the easiest way to the discharge of their duties.

For example it is much easier to drop a cube in a vessel of hot water and serve it in the name of bouillon or soup, or to open a can of bouillon or soup prepared by some manufacturer, but it is much more expensive than the good, old fashioned way of keeping a pot of soup stock on the back of the stove, and the purchased bouillons and soups do not compare in quality with the home-made variety.

Ready-to-eat foods are in harmony with the artificial tendencies of present day life. In too many instances they are false pretenses.

Anticipation overleaped itself when it looked forward to the publication of Mayor-elect Keller's appointments on Monday. But it may now take a rest as our next mayor assures us the list will be given out on Wednesday of next week.

The senate polls favorably for the passage of the currency bill. The arguments presented in advance of the final vote will be in the nature of a work of supererogation, but the opposition members must make a showing.

The crowd on the sidelines is waiting rather impatiently for Gen. Villa's promised forward pass play. If he gets away with it a new phase of the Mexican problem will be presented.

Kansas farmers are inaugurating a campaign against chinch bugs that is expected to make the state bugless next year. The pest is to be exterminated with fire.

The railroads are doing some worrying over government regulation and control. Heretofore most of the worrying has been done by the shipper and consumer.

Patti could have given Mrs. Pankhurst valuable points on farwell tours in America. The sum realized by the millite suffragist, \$22,500, was almost ridiculous.

Horsebreeders may be interested in the statement that the United States cavalry needs better horses. The present mounts are described as scrubby.

There was enough bluster and fuss

in the storm of Sunday to cause a blockade. But there proved to be more noise than material.

Agitation on the French border and discord within his empire are giving the German emperor something serious to think about.

Ross Barcus is the most realistic impersonator of Belshazzar at the feast. The spectacle should be popular in all parts of the country.

Credit the wireless with 197 more steamship passengers saved. It is the incarnate spirit of navigation.

That Mexican desperado is still living on the gas in that Utah mine, as far as anybody knows.

STATESMEN, REAL AND NEAR.

BY FRED C. KELLY.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 9.—Few persons realize the surprising fact that Sir Cecil Arthur Spring-Rice, the present British ambassador to this country, is an Irishman with a sense of humor. That is, his folks were Irish, and the fact that he was brought up in England did not stop the sense of humor he was born with, from faithfully sticking right to him.

Since he arrived here last May, Mr. Spring-Rice has been all most of the time, and has therefore had little chance to show what he can do as a wit, but when he is in form he readily upsets a lot of the traditions concerning Englishmen and jokes. He is considered one of the best humorous speakers in England, and further more his stuff goes almost equally well outside of England.

What makes his humor all the more startling is the fact that he does not look the part. He is a smaller man, below average height, wears heavy-rimmed spectacles, and a little round, general-purpose beard. The spectacles and whiskers give his face a stupidly dreary appearance when he arises to make a dinner or dinner speech. They make him look like a man who would take an hour to say "Ladies and gentlemen, I am really not a speech-maker," and then go on to talk tiresomely about the fact that "there is a great work to be done" or some such theme as that. Usually the average weary diner takes one look and then sinks back into his chair with a low moan.

But as soon as the little British diplomat starts to talk things brighten up considerably. He is said to be really funny.

Next to his sense of humor, the most astonishing thing about Ambassador Spring-Rice is his memory. If you were to tell him something today he could repeat it almost word for word ten years from now. He might not be able to recall the who you were, but once he got you identified he would remember everything you talked about. If he reads a poem he has committed to memory without reading it through again. He may not think of it again for years but when he does he can still repeat it.

Many of the things Mr. Spring-Rice remembers deal with the subject of medicine, because he devotes much of his spare time to reading medical books. From early youth his tastes have run in that direction and he had a narrow escape from being a doctor. If he had not got into the diplomatic service just when he did, he might now be charging persons outrageous prices to guess what ails them and going about trying to scare up his best friends into thinking they have appendicitis.

Like his predecessor, James Bryce, Ambassador Spring-Rice is democratic and informal. He jumps on a street car as a matter of course, and despite the years he has been here, with his kinks, jokes and such, at various European capitals, he likes to engage in conversation with the humblest person he meets on trains and other public places. He has a keen attention to the continental custom that provides for one to wait for an introduction before talking to anyone. In fact one of his main hobbies is to pick out some man in the street who looks interesting and then watch his chance to slide into a seat beside the man and gradually get acquainted. If he is within walking distance of a famous doctor, he can't content himself until he meets him and asks him a lot of questions. Besides the subject of medicine, he likes children, mineralogy, botany, rowing, and genealogy. He also likes T. Roosevelt. The two and a half years he has been here and became great cronies when Mr. Spring-Rice was one of the secretaries at the British embassy here back in the 80's.

The only man in the world who ever made a political campaign a paying proposition is Rep. Lindquist of Michigan.

Lindquist made a campaign with circulars that not only got him elected to congress, but also brought him in a nice little bunch of money to stuff away in the sugar bowl.

Being in the mail order business, Lindquist naturally turned to mail order methods in his campaign. He used a "follow up" system of circulars. But when he was getting things ready, it seemed to him that inasmuch as each circular required a stamp, he ought to try to get some thing established and buy for \$50, but still it would be a first rate suit, he said, and he frankly advised everybody to buy, whether they voted for him for congress or not.

The result was that Lindquist sold several thousand of those \$5 suits, and reaped a profit that placed his congressional campaign on a solid, dividend-paying basis.

The state of Michigan has now been redistricted, and Lindquist must run for re-election against a man already in congress, to-wit: Joe Fordney, one of the best campaigners they have up to that way. It will be a great little race, and if Lindquist should put out campaign circulars announcing a bargain in \$4 overcoats, Fordney will have to look out.

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BOSTON, Dec. 9.—A Christmas tree loaded with pretty gifts and \$50,000 worth of toys and general stock were burned Tuesday in a fire at a local store.

THE MELTING POT

COME! TAKE POTLUCK WITH US.

WE were about to ask what had become of all the high school girls when we were advised that they are painting their cheeks and turning in their collars. The explanation has a double significance.

INSTEAD, we will ask what has become of the once well known single track railroad and the gyroscope, which had such a whirl for a while.

PERHAPS we came to the same conclusion that if we can stay on two tracks only part of the time we couldn't stick to one track at all.

Maud Muller Up to Date.

(Battle Creek News.)
Maud Muller on a winter's night Did not repeat the number right. I really wanted six-three-nine— She put me on the Judge's line.

The sleeping jurist heard the bell And didn't like it very well. The house was cold; the hour was late Enough to make him hesitate.

But Maud kept ringing on the 'phone, She would not let the judge alone.

At last he gave up in despair And came to find out who was there. And as he came he barked a chair, More odds fell on the frosty air.

He grabbed the 'phone and roughly spoke, He couldn't somehow see the joke.

I told him central in her rush Had got us mixed—he wouldn't hush. And all cuss-words of tongue or pen The judge in anger said them then.

WE are inclined to regard giving "Oh, Skinnay" books to juvenile delinquents as a funny way to encourage the saving habit among children.

A MAN of Mr. Bryan's matrimonial experience should have been too wise to address a suffrage convention unless he was looking for trouble, but there is nothing in military history comparable with his masterly retreat.

Hope Started Something.

(Decatur Herald.)
Perhaps the most exciting of all was when Miss Hope Hoopes, in charge of the piano, was very skillfully rendering that selection called "Turkey in the Straw," when quick as a flash, Mrs. J. J. Foughty bounded

up to the piano and began to play.

SECOND YEAR OF MARRIED LIFE.

BY MABEL HERBERT URNER.

Helen opened the door to a messenger boy with a covered basket.

"Mrs. Warren Curtis?" he asked.

Helen nodded.

"Sign here, please."

"But what is it—I'm not expecting anything."

"I don't know, ma'am," the boy grinned. "I was told to handle it right carefully—that's all."

Before she could question him further he had gone.

As Helen took up the basket there was a curious little sound from inside and then a distinct "meow".

Hurriedly she loosened the cover, a tiny gray paw reached up and then, with a bound, a fluffy little Persian kitten jumped out. For a moment it seemed bewildered, then it ran under the couch.

In the basket was a small envelope, Helen tore it open: "Pussy Purmew—for Helen Curtis."

A kitten for Winifred. But who had sent it? There was no name on the card.

Sleeping down Helen drew out from under the frightened ball of fur and cuddled it lovingly.

"Oh, you dear little thing."

The kitten purr-purred and rubbed against her. A silver collar was around its neck, with a silver bangle on which was engraved "Pussy Purmew."

"Pussy Purmew—Pussy Purmew—Helen repeated it aloud.

"What a dear name for a kitten."

Then she took it in to Winifred, who was playing with a small woolly sheep on rollers. At first she seemed to care little for it, but then she put out her hand and stroked its soft fur. But the kitten was still shy, and it struggled away and ran under the bed.

Again Helen went back to the basket and shook out the piece of pink ranton flannel that lay in the bottom, hoping to find some clue as to who had sent it, but there was none. Who a lot of questions. Besides the subject of medicine, he likes children, mineralogy, botany, rowing, and genealogy. He also likes T. Roosevelt. The two and a half years he has been here and became great cronies when Mr. Spring-Rice was one of the secretaries at the British embassy here back in the 80's.

"A kitten!" Della called into the kitchen. "Bring me a saucer of milk. There's a little kitten in here, that some one has sent Winifred."

"A kitten?" Della came to the door in astonishment. "Oh, ain't it a purty one? My, what long hair—I ain't never seen one like that."

She brought the milk and the kitten lapped it up eagerly, and then it purred and wagged its paws and face with the gravest kitten dignity. Helen found a piece of pale blue ribbon and tied a butterfly bow on its collar. "Oh, you dear, soft, fluffy, curly little thing," as she put the kitten on a chair and adjusted the bow.

But could she keep it? Would Warren let her? She knew he had never approved of pets in an apartment. It was a very valuable kitten. Its long fur and fluffy tail proclaimed that. And if she couldn't keep it—what would she do with it? She didn't know from whom it came, she could not return it.

Meanwhile the kitten went to sleep on the chair, trustfully unconscious of the uncertainty of its future.

It was later than usual when Warren came home, and Helen could see that he was not in the best humor. She had fixed a box for the kitten in the nursery, and now she shut it up there, not wanting him to see it until after he had had his dinner, hoping he would feel more kindly inclined.

"Steven's a fool," he declared, as he watched Helen break open a large baked potato and fix it for him with butter, salt and paprika. "You know I warned him not to go into that Lovison deal, and now the bottom's dropped out of the whole thing, just as I said it would."

"And he lost what he put in—!" asked Helen, pushing the potato toward him.

"Of course he lost what he put in—over five thousand," digging into the potato with his fork.

"Perhaps you'll want a little more paprika, dear, that's stronger than we've had, and I was afraid I'd get too much."

"And now the whole concern is down and out," he went on, ignoring her comment. "And it serves them right—they were crooked from the start, and I told Stevens all along. See here, is this all the bread you've got? What about that whole wheat bread you ordered?"

"They didn't deliver it today—I

into the center of the room and showed the spectators that she had not forgotten all of her tango skill of her girlhood days.

WE observe that cigar holders are advertised at from \$4.50 to \$33. They must be different from what we see standing around the corners. That kind isn't worth a—that is, not worth much.

SIR: In behalf of y fellow boarders, including myself, I am protesting against the reduction in the size of the buckwheat cakes and the limit of the number allotted to each consumer at our boarding house. We demand the regulation size and the removal of the limit.

Our sympathies are with L. D. T., but the conditions are not favorable for calling a general strike.

And Escaped By the Alley.

(Holly, Mich., Press.)
Things theatrical are looking up in Holly; an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company played here and Eva made a glorious ascent through the back window of the town hall.

HEARD on a north side car: "Yes, she moved in her oil stove and I wanted her to move her cabinet in, but she said there wasn't room. She could move her table over a little and make a place for it very nicely, and if it was me—"

Good Thing Lew Was There.

(North Judson News.)
The pie social at Aldine proved a nullity Saturday eve, there being no pies, social, or a soul in sight. Several came to attend but had to substitute Lew German's cold lunch.

Recitative, to Slow Music.

The man who meets you on the street And asks you for a match Displays his gun before your face And robs you with despatch.

THERE is more of this, but why elaborate the obvious?

ON occasion almost anybody can write three lines without overtaxing his mental powers.

AND occasionally it is necessary.

C. N. F.

WARREN OBJECTS TO PUSSY PURMEW BUT IS WON OVER BY HER WILES.

BY MABEL HERBERT URNER.

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What Better Christmas Present

could you make your family than to give them the advantages of Electricity?

This would make a Christmas never forgotten and a present valuable every day in the year.

Now is the time to prepare your home so it can be enjoyed on Christmas Eve.